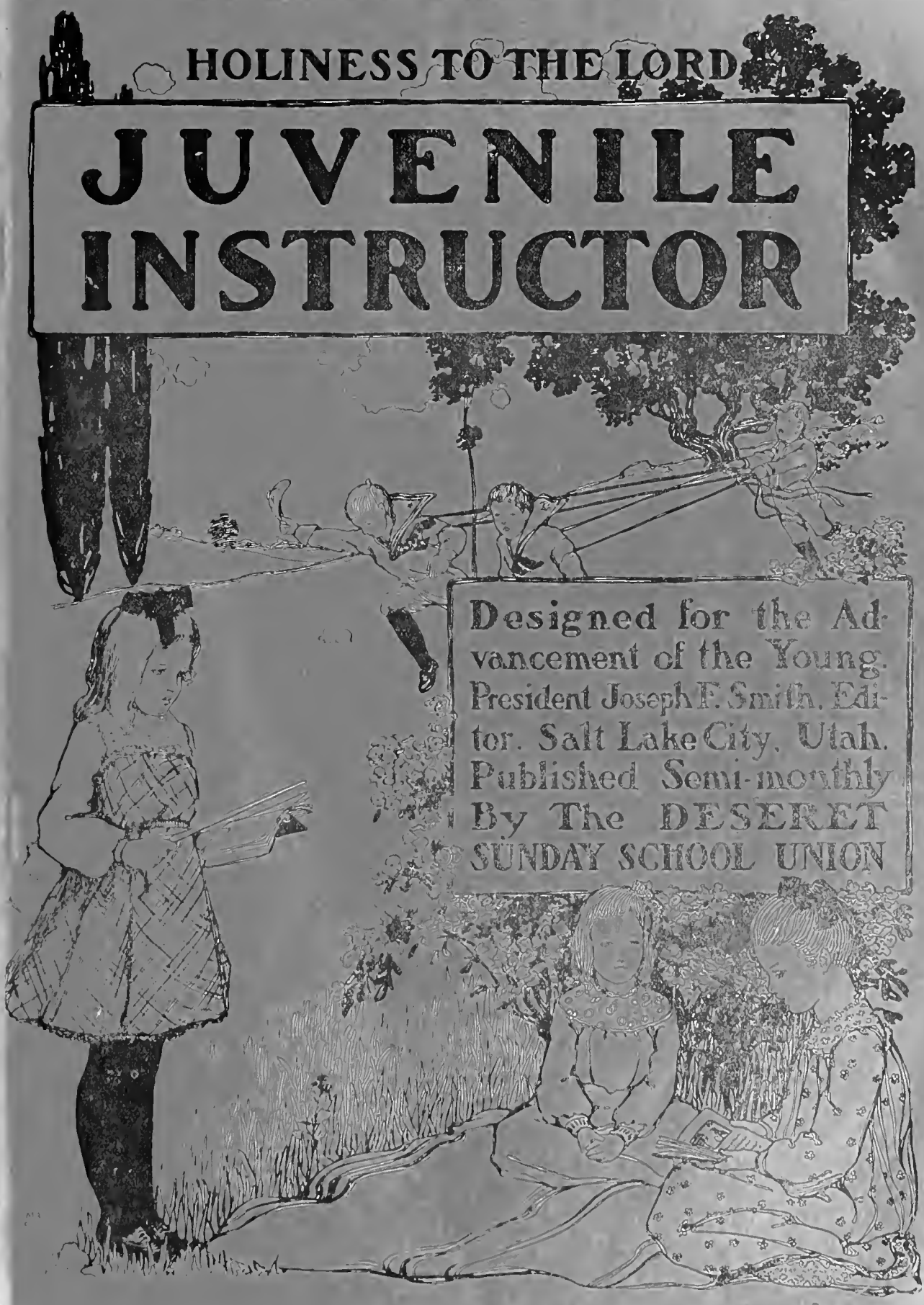


HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



Designed for the Advancement of the Young.
President Joseph F. Smith, Editor. Salt Lake City, Utah.
Published Semi-monthly
By The DESERET
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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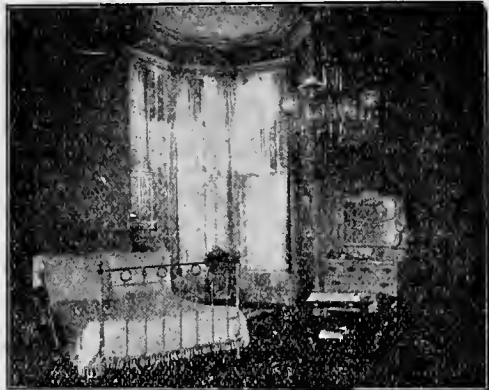
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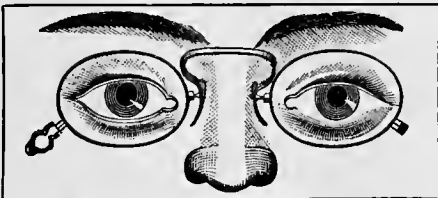
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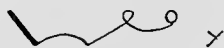
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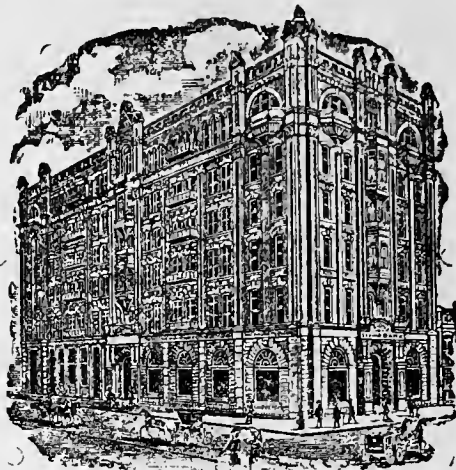
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VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1902.

No. 1.

HATH NO MAN SEEN GOD?

ONE of the methods used by modern skeptics in attacking the Bible as the word of God is the claim that it contains contradictory statements, many of them of vital importance, which it would not do were it divinely inspired. As an instance attention is drawn to the many occasions related of ancient patriarchs, prophets and seers who saw, conversed and otherwise held communion with the Lord—the God of Israel, yet in the writings of Moses, Paul and John it is asserted that no man hath seen God at any time, nor can any man see Him and live.

These statements have also been perplexing to many Latter-day Saints, and several explanations, such as, "no man has seen God in the fullness of His glory and lived," have been suggested. But none of these attempted amendments have been altogether satisfactory; they have not covered the whole ground, nor could they be made to fit to every instance recorded in the Scriptures of the appearance of the Lord to the children of mortality.

The true explanation is much simpler.

Nephi, the son of Lehi, had shown him of the Lord in wonderful detail and exceeding plainness the history of the world from his own day to the end of

time. He was shown the earthly ministry of the Redeemer, the establishment of His Church, its apostasy from the truth, and the foundation and growth of a great and abominable church which perverted the ways of the Lord, made war on the Saints and reigned triumphant over many lands and waters. In the days of that great evil power Nephi saw a book containing the covenants of the Lord, which we recognize as the Bible, go forth from the Jews. Of this book Nephi writes:

And the angel of the Lord said unto me, Thou hast beheld that the book proceeded forth from the mouth of a Jew; and when it proceeded forth from the mouth of a Jew, it contained the plainness of the Gospel of the Lord, of whom the twelve apostles bear record; and they bear record according to the truth which is in the Lamb of God;

Wherefore, these things go forth from the Jews in purity, unto the Gentiles, according to the truth which is in God;

And after they go forth by the hand of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, from the Jews unto the Gentiles, thou seest the foundation of a great and abominable church, which is most abominable above all other churches; for behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb, many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away;

And all this have they done, that they might

pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men;

Wherefore, thou seest that after the book hath gone forth through the hands of the great and abominable church, that there are many plain and precious things taken away from the book, which is the book of the Lamb of God; (I Nephi 13: 24-28.)

As the angel foretold, that book has passed through the hands of the creatures of "this great and abominable church," and we of these latter days have it with many parts, plain and most precious, taken away, dropped out, expunged. And this is why certain ancient worthies are falsely made to say that God has not nor ever can be seen by mortal man.

No true servant of the Lord ever made such a statement. God has been seen at different times by hundreds, probably by thousands, of His accepted servants. The record tells us of His visits and appearance to Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Nadab and Abihu and seventy of the Elders of Israel, to Isaiah and to many others; to say nothing of those to whom He appeared on this continent, of which the Book of Mormon bears record. The fact is that the degraded ministers of an apostate church, finding that they could neither see the face of God nor hear His voice so "fixed" the Scriptures as to make it appear that no man ever did or ever could see or hear Him, and in that way they blinded the eyes of the multitude to the vast difference that there was between themselves and the true servants of Heaven.

What did these ancient worthies who are quoted as authorities for the statements that God has never been seen by man, really say? The inspired revision of the Bible answers this question and makes the whole matter plain. There is no longer any need for tortuous explanations or far-fetched interpretations.

Note well the difference between the authorized version and the Prophet's revision, and also the consistency of the statements in the latter, their agreement one with another and with other scriptures on these points.

In the King James' translation John, the Apostle, in his first epistle (I John 4: 12) is made to say: "No man hath seen God at any time." There the terrible (for terrible it is, if true, to the children of humanity) assertion ends. In the inspired text it reads: "No man hath seen God at any time, except them who believe." How entirely those last four words alter the meaning! How absolutely consistent does the amended sentence agree with God's methods, as they are explained to us in the Scriptures!

Again, Paul, referring to the glories of the Messiah, is made to write to Timothy (I Tim. 6: 16) "Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see."

This strangely twisted sentence, which among other things makes it appear that Christ "only hath immortality," when straightened out by divine inspiration reads: "Whom no man hath seen, nor can see, unto whom no man can approach, only he who hath the light and the hope of immortality dwelling in him."

The authorized translation of the Bible gives us the words of the Lord to Moses, as contained in Exodus 33: 20-23, as follows:

And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall be no man see me, and live.

And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock:

And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock; and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by:

And I will take away mine hand, and thou

shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen.

We will only give the first and last verses (20, 23,) of this passage as the Prophet Joseph Smith corrects them, as these two contain the whole of the difference, and wonderful that difference is:

And he said unto Moses, Thou canst not see my face at this time, lest mine anger is kindled against thee also, and I destroy thee, and thy people; for there shall no man among them see me at this time and live, for they are exceeding sinful. And no sinful man hath at any time, neither shall there be any sinful man at any time, that shall see my face and live. * * *

And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen, as at other times; for I am angry with my people Israel.

The word of the Lord in this dispensation bears this same testimony. In a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in November, 1831, it is written:

For no man has seen God at any time, in the flesh, except quickened by the Spirit of God;

Neither can any natural man abide in the presence of God; neither after the carnal mind. (Doc. and Cov. 67: 11, 12.)

And again, in September, 1832, speak-

ing regarding the Priesthood, the Lord says:

And this greater Priesthood administereth the gospel and holdeth the key of the mysteries of the kingdom even the key of the knowledge of God;

Therefore, in the ordinances thereof, the power of godliness is manifest;

And without the ordinances thereof, and the authority of the Priesthood, the power of godliness is not manifest unto men in the flesh;

For without this no man can see the face of God, even the Father, and live. Doc. and Cov. 84: 19-22.

Thus we find that it is not true that no man has at any time seen God, but many who truly believed, many who had the light and the hope of immortality dwelling in them, who did not give way to sin, had the privilege of seeing God, of talking with Him face to face, or hearing His voice, and in other ways were blessed with His presence, exactly as the Scriptures record, historically confirming the promise of Jesus, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

One line of divine revelation is worth more than a whole volume of conjecture.

George Reynolds.



OUR MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL IN HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN.

IT will perhaps be of interest to our friends in Zion to learn something in regard to our Sunday school in this far away city.

Helsingborg is a city of 26,000 inhabitants, in the southern end of Sweden. In this large city we have a few members of the Church, also a Sunday School. Our school was organized November 3,

1898, by Elder Albert J. Johnson, who was chosen superintendent, with Elder Swen W. Hall and John S. Nordstrom as assistants. Under their guidance the school progressed nicely for a year, when, on November 12, 1899, the superintendency was reorganized with Brother Peter Hansen as superintendent and Brother John S. Nordstrom as assistant, under whose guidance it is still making progress. The school is divided



HELSINGBORG SUNDAY SCHOOL.

into three departments. The theological and first intermediate departments are studying in the New Testament, while the primary department is taught by means of telling stories and reading in the Sunday School Catechism.

After class exercises, a short program consisting of singing and speaking upon the principles of the Gospel is carried out, with occasional general exercises.

Nearly half of the children attending the school are non-members, thus we have the opportunity of teaching them the true Gospel. The photograph shows the Sunday school in front of the rooms where its services are held.

Swen J. Nelson.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, November 30, 1901.

To the General Superintendency and members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

DEAR BRETHREN: I did not expect when I reached my field of labor that

over four months would elapse before I made my report. But my time has been so completely occupied in other directions that my correspondence that did not demand immediate attention has been neglected. Even now I have not many schools to report. I have visited some of our Sunday Schools several times, and a number of my Sundays have been spent in new fields where no school has as yet been organized. Without exception the schools I have visited are in a splendid condition and are doing good work. It is surprising to note the number of children who attend whose parents are not in the Church, and many instances might be related where parents have come into the Church on account of the children becoming interested.

Since my arrival in Germany, I have visited Sunday Schools in the following places: Hamburg, Berlin, Stettin, Hanover, Dresden, Leipsic, Karlsruhe and in Bern, Switzerland. One of the best schools we had in Germany was in Dresden, but recently the police made

an attempt to break it up and have succeeded in preventing all children under fourteen years from attending. Children over this age and the Saints and friends come together, and they have one of the best theological classes I have ever attended. In Leipsic they have also had some trouble with the police, and Elder Hyrum W. Valentine was imprisoned three days for holding school in a nearby village. Nearly all the schools have the four departments, and the Hamburg has a very fine kindergarten class. The marching, order, class work and general conduct of the school in Hamburg will, I think, compare favorably with anything I have ever seen in Zion. In most cases the presiding Elder in a branch also acts as superintendent, but our policy in this mission is to shift all the responsibility possible onto the local brethren, leaving the missionaries free to devote their time to preaching the Gospel to strangers, and in a number of cases recently, local brethren have been called to act as officers in the

Sunday Schools. Where the right kind of men can be found, I am sure this is a much better plan, not only for the work in general, but also for the schools inasmuch as changes in the superintendency will not be so frequent. The Elders will of course watch over the work and see that everything moves along properly, but it has occurred to me that the natural tendency is for the missionaries to spend altogether too much of their time in attending to details of the branch which might profitably be left with the local priesthood, and not enough of their time with strangers.

The Sunday Schools in this land are a power for good, as they are at home, and any suggestions which the Board has to offer will be thankfully received. We desire to follow every plan having for its object the improvement of this work.

Ever praying the Lord to bless you in your great labor, and with kindest regards, I remain,

Your brother,

Hugh J. Cannon.



A BUD-NIPPED MARTYR.

IT was an accepted fact in the Marion household that Jessie was a martyr. Not in a sensational sense, of course, such as might be suggestive of burnings or torturings, but in a quiet, yet wholly absolute way, that kept the family attitude tinged with an air of apology and deference, that would have been embarrassing to anyone less steeped in self-pity than Jessie.

It all came about through her having

a voice. Since the night the musical professor from Salt Lake had heard Jessie sing at the Mutual, and declared her voice to be of a quality that, with proper training, would put her into the ranks of the State's best singers, Jessie's hitherto simple relation to her family had been changed.

It would not have occurred had the Marions have met the obligation implied by the professor's discovery. But

the mere human needs of the household were so large, and its supplies so small, that the idea of sending Jessie away for vocal training seemed almost as vain as that of a trolley-trip to Mars or the moon. Hence there had crept into the family manner that subtle apologetic tinge, strengthened daily by Jessie's placid acceptance of the halo of martyrdom woven about her by her proud and pitying relatives. Not that she contended for her supposed rights. On the contrary, when the family council was held to discuss possible plans for her musical development, and it had been proven beyond question that it could only be won by sacrificing the rest of the family to actual privation, Jessie was the first to declare she would never accept the advantage at such cost; and since that time had never permitted the subject to pass her lips.

But there were other ways in which she did not practice such commendable self-denial. For instance, when she began to be considered first in all questions of pleasure or convenience, or the matter of dress or presents, as a partial recompense for her disappointment, Jessie yielded passive acceptance to these offerings, often at the cost of serious sacrifices on the part of other members of the family.

Jessie, in fact, was hardly conscious of the part she played. Her sole regret for the opportunities she was obliged to miss was so heartfelt as to dim her sight to anything save the differences in her present and possible conditions; and this, coupled with all the rest, poisoned the springs of kindness bubbling in her heart, threatening to transform her into a monument of human selfishness.

Things happened all the time to make matters worse. There were the letters from Ida Mayne, in New York, telling of her studies and experiences at the fa-

mous musical academy—making Jessie's heart fairly ache at thought of all the things that might have been hers. Then there were the glowing newspaper reports of the brilliant success of Amy Bird—a home girl who had studied abroad, and who was now engaged to sing in grand opera in London. All these things added fuel to the flame of Jessie's hopeless longing, and vim to the spirit of immolation on the part of members of her regretful household.

It was nearing the holidays, and for the first time in her life Jessie felt no interest in their promised festivities. Before, there had always been a great deal to look forward to, in the preparations for Christmas; for, though not wealthy, the Marions never failed to celebrate the date with gifts, and a royal dinner to which every local relative was bidden; and besides, there were always a sleigh ride, and dancing party in the ward hall to finish up the holiday, to say nothing of a week of skating and sleighing, and snowballing between Christmas and New Years, to make the season a joyfully-remembered one in the little village.

Now, however, with a heart clouded with a seared ambition, and the memory of others' achievements—whose brilliance was as sunshine to starlight, compared with the tame diversions of her native home—there seemed little to tempt anticipation in the coming holidays.

It lacked but two weeks now of Christmas, and her mother came into the room where Jessie was making dresses for the doll that was to surprise five-year old May, with an open letter in her hand.

"It's from your Aunt Addie," she said to Jessie's question; and it's so blue, it's made me cry like a baby. This Christmas is the first since they lost the chil-

dren, and she says it seems to her and Dan they just can't live through it without there's someone there to help take the curse of lonesomeness off the house. There's no neighbors nearer than two miles, and Dan and her will be soul alone. She wants we should send some o' you children down there next week to stay with them over Christmas and New Years."

"But, mother—why can't they both come up here?"

"Addie says they thought of that, but Dan's got the store and postoffice on his hands, and can't leave for love nor money."

"Who are you going to send, mother?"

"I guess Lizzie and Jim. Jim will have to go for company for Lizzie, for she's such a home child she'd cry her eyes out the first day. The place is awful lonesome and it'll be as much as both of them can do to stand it, as it is. But, land sakes! I'd feel like a criminal—the way I've been blessed in keeping my children alive and well—if I didn't send some of 'em down to cheer up them poor heart-broken people."

Mrs. Marion wiped her eyes again, and laid the letter on the sewing machine at Jessie's elbow.

"Addie said she'd rather have you than any of them—she took such a fancy to you when she was up here last summer; but your father and me have talked it over and settled it that that was out of the question. You're making sacrifices enough, without anything else comin' along to try you—for trial it will be to spend Christmas in that forsaken, sorrow-stricken house. Poor Addie and Dan—my heart aches for 'em."

Mrs. Marion went back to the kitchen, and Jessie kept on with her work till she finished the doll-dress—her thoughts keeping an even accompaniment to her

swift stitching. There was no idea in her mind save quiet acceptance of her parents' decision. A two weeks' stay at the lonely farmhouse, stationed in one of the bleakest spots in Arizona, was untempting at any time; but with the gloom of recent bereavement added to the prospect, the visit was not to be considered.

She knew without doubt that they would rather have her than the others, for she had been an especial favorite with both Aunt Addie and Uncle Dan, when they and the two children had visited them a year ago. But certainly the sacrifice entailed by the visit could not be expected of her—at this of all times!

Jessie fell into this vein of reasoning with perfect ease these days, and the thought of the disappointment she might cause the lonely pair could not weigh in the scale against that of her own personal discomfort. She took up the letter with a sense of easy excuse for herself. The pages were full of loving messages for all—and only in one place was there a sign of the anguish that was rending the bereaved heart.

"I want, if you feel you could spare her, dear Ellen—to let Jessie come to be with us over Christmas. The sight of the empty places at the table on that day seems more than we can stand now, though we are praying for strength to bear our sorrow more bravely every day.

"It's the first Christmas for thirteen years that we haven't had to plan for the children, and me and Dan get cowardly when we think of waking up Christmas morning and not hearing their voices. I expect it will be a sacrifice to all of you, but I thought perhaps as there's so many of you there, and so many happy Christmas days ahead, you might feel that you could do it just for this time."

Jessie put down the letter with streaming eyes. She could see the lonely house, set under the shadow of bleak hills, with the dreary Arizona desert stretching around, and the two heartsore parents greeting the day that should be all joy and gladness, with the darkness of their sorrow and loneliness brooding over them like a pall. And it was she to whom they looked for the slight solace left them in their unconsolable grief. Could she refuse such an appeal?

The affected pose of martyrdom sustained for months past upon selfish instinct and indulgence, made hard plea against her better impulse. All at once the things she might enjoy at home loomed up unusually bright—the rides, the parties, and above all, the Christmas morning greetings, with all the home faces beaming with happiness and cheer—took on a value never sensed before. And yet how could she face all these, with the memory of Aunt Addie's pathetic plea haunting her? Jessie suddenly flung her arms across the machine and hid her face on them, sitting silent for some time. Finally she rose, and opened the door leading into the kitchen, where her mother was cooking the midday meal.

"Mother," she said to the patient figure leaning over the stove, "you needn't send Jim and Lizzie down to Aunt Addie's. I want to go myself."

* * *

It was Christmas eve, and Jessie was in the store with Uncle Dan, helping him wait on the customers who were making their last purchases for the holiday tomorrow. A half dozen wagons were hitched outside, for people lived long distances from the country store and postoffice, and had to make their purchases late, to elude the inquisitive instincts of children wild with excite-

ment over the surprises of Christmas. There was little room or chance for secret storing in the homes of the people of the Millville settlement.

It was seven o'clock, and already dark. Aunt Addie, who was at the cottage upon the hillside some forty rods away, had long ago rung the supper bell, but neither Uncle Dan nor Jessie had time to answer it. Finally, however, the store cleared, and Uncle Dan was about to snatch a hasty ten minutes for his meal, when the sound of wheels once more sounded outside. It was Penn Baxter, their nearest neighbor, and the local mail contractor, who entered the store, and both the occupants saw from his manner that something unusual had happened. He came up close to the counter, and spoke in a low tone to Uncle Dan, looking cautiously about the room as he did so.

"Is the place clear, Dan!"

"The last wagon left five minutes ago," was the answer.

Penn spoke in a still lower tone: "I've got some express packages of Wells, Fargo Co. to take care of, and I guess I've got to leave them here over night. There's been a washout on the railroad line, and the bridge is down, so the express can't get through till day after tomorrow. It carried the pay for the mine hands up at Tokerville, and if they don't get it till after Christmas, there will be trouble. The company has had its hands full already, keepin' off a strike. The mine superintendent was on the train, and he asked me to take it through. I told him it was a big risk; but he said he'd take chances on me. He got a deputy sheriff from Alton to make the trip with me, and as luck would have it, the fellow's pistol went off by accident as he was jumping out of the wagon at my house, and shot him through the arm. He's no use for the

trip, and to cap the climax, Pete Barrow's boy Ed. rode up to the house just before I came away, and said he believed the Croly gang was up to some kind o' deviltry, for Bud Croly came past their place half boozy two or three hours ago, and he heard him braggin' he'd be eight thousand dollars richer Christmas than he is today. That's the sum I'm carryin' for the 'Red Boy' people, and I shouldn't wonder if the Croly gang had got wind of it. Ed. said he seen 'em this mornin' ridin' around with some of the Indians from the Reservation."

"They're all in cahoots," said Uncle Dan. "The Crolys get the Indians to do their ticklish jobs. You can be sure there's something afoot when you see them redskins with the Croly skaliwags hobnobbing together."

"Of course it would be tomfoolery for me to try and get the money through to Tokerville alone, with them bloodhounds on my track," said Baxter. "The only thing I can do is to put the money in your safe here, and wait till I can get an escort. I told Ed. Barrows to ride over to San Pedro and tell 'em to send two or three deputies along. I knew one wouldn't be enough if we happened to have a party with the Crolys."

"Yes, and you better get that inside here under lock and key."

Baxter went outside and soon came in carrying a stout leather valise, heavily strapped, and fastened with a padlock.

"Is it gold?" asked Uncle Dan.

"Some gold and some greenbacks."

Penn carried the bag into the little office partitioned off from the store-room in the rear, and put it in the safe, which Uncle Dan had unlocked.

"There! I feel heaps safer than I did at home and while I was on the road here," exclaimed Baxter. "I felt, every

sound I heard, 'twas some one ready to hold me up."

"Jessie," said Uncle Dan, "you run up to the house, dear, and tell Addie to send me a little to eat down here. I shan't be able to leave now 'fore ten or eleven o'clock. There's bound to be someone comin' in all the way between now and then."

"Here, wait a minnit, little girl," called Baxter. "I come plumb nigh forgetting a part of my errand—and a particular part, too. You see, Dan—Bolter, the deputy up there at my house, is pretty bad hurt, an' I told him I'd ask your wife to ride up there and help fix him up. Best doctor in the county, I think. I done what I could for him; but that wa'nt much. It wouldn't take her long to put some splints and bandages on, and some o' that cure-all liniment o' hers."

"All right. Tell Addie she better lock up the house and go, Jessie."

"Shall I come back here, Uncle Dan?"

"No, you better go with her."

Jessie ran up the path that led to the house, and in a moment had told her exciting news to her aunt.

"What if the Crolys should come and try to take the money out of the safe?" she exclaimed as an afterthought.

"I don't think they'd dare to do that," her aunt replied. "They'll probably lie in wait somewhere between here and Tokerville, thinking to take Penn by surprise. But they won't dare to attack him if the deputies are with him. What's worrying me most, is leaving the house alone while we go over to Baxter's. If the Indians are around, there's apt to be some petty thieving going on. They might get into the house here, and Dan not know anything about it down there at the store."

"I'll stay with the house," said Jessie valiantly.

"You'd be frightened to death here alone, child!"

But Jessie was determined, and finally her aunt reluctantly drove away without her in the little chaise, on whose seat a basket, filled with splints, bandages and bottles, rattled merrily beside her.

After she had gone, Jessie ate her supper and set to work at seeding raisins for the Christmas dainties to be feasted upon tomorrow. She had locked all the doors, and felt quite safe, as Aunt Addie had told her she would not be molested as long as a light shone from the house. Besides, there were Uncle Dan and Penn Baxter within reach of her voice. She had only to scream to bring them to her in a moment—and Jessie rather prided herself upon the carrying quality of her voice.

Nine—ten o'clock sounded from the timepiece on the mantel, and Aunt Addie had not returned.

Two hours and a half seem a long time when one is alone.

Jessie had started two or three times at loud voices and sounds in the direction of the store, but it proved to be the customers coming and going in their heavy-wheeled wagons, and shouting Christmas greetings to each other and the men in the store.

She started now more nervously, however, at a low rap at the back door.

"It's Baxter, little girl," Penn said in a low voice, before she had time to ask who was there.

Jessie opened the door, and Penn entered hurriedly, closing it after him. He held the valise in his hand that she had seen him put into the safe.

"I've got to hide this in the house somewhere," he whispered. "None o' them deputies has come in sight yet, and Pete and Jim Croly are down there in the store, getting the lay o' things, I guess. They made out they come to

buy provisions; but there's five or six more o' the gang round the turn o' the canyon there, and I guess it's about sure they mean mischief. Two against eight 's four too many; and if the money's saved, it's got to be by a trick. I sneaked out with it the back way, whilst Dan kept 'em talkin' in the front store; and if none of 'in have seen me, we may fool 'em. I'll put this in the pantry here, behind the flour sack—it's as safe a place as any, I guess."

He was gone before Jessie could ask a question, and she sank into a chair, with a quaking heart, listening breathlessly to every sound.

Fifteen, twenty minutes passed. Then there was a clatter of hoofs, the sound of men's voices, and a shot rang out—then another, with an ominous silence following.

To Jessie's terror-stricken heart it meant but one thing—they had killed Uncle Dan and Baxter, and were searching the store for the money. When they did not find it they would come to the house.

A frantic desire to fly—to be out of doors in free space possessed her. Anything might happen if she stayed. If they had killed the others they would kill her. She seized her cape, and ran through the kitchen to the back door. As she unbolted it, she thought of the bag hidden in the pantry. If she could only carry it——! She lifted it from its hiding place. It was heavy, but not too heavy for her strength, and in an instant she was out doors, speeding along the little hill path that led to the canyon, down whose road Aunt Addie must come on her way from Baxter's.

As she reached the bend of the canyon she looked back. In the dim light she could see five or six horses standing outside the store, with one horseman on guard near them. Doubtless the

others were inside ransacking the store. If they would only stay there till she could escape! But there might be even worse danger in the canyon. Baxter had said that the Indians were out-causing, might she not meet them?

The thought did not slacken her pace, for she had small choice of her two only alternatives. As she stumbled along the road in the dark, the bag she carried seemed to double in weight. Then, at every sound, she went out of the beaten way, clambering over rocks and bushes, to avoid any chance encounter on the roadway, so that her progress was still more difficult.

She struggled on, till, looking back, she could no longer see a glimpse of the light shining from the store window. *

* * * Were they Indians? Jessie, crouching beside a huge boulder on the hillside, waited, trembling, for the group of horsemen coming down the road to pass. She had trembled at a hundred visionary sounds on her way, but these were real. They were close upon her now. She could hear one of them speak as they clattered by.

"Ten to one they've finished the job and got away."

Not Indians, but accomplices, perhaps of the desperadoes at the store. Hush! What was that? She had climbed down into the road again and had no time to spring aside for the object suddenly looming in front, its noise drowned in the louder tramp of the horsemen who had just passed. The animal swerved, pitching the light vehicle almost to one side, and a man's voice shouted at her. Then there was a woman's scream, and Jessie called out her aunt's name suddenly with a joyful voice.

* * *

It was Christmas, with the sun shining warm as Indian summer in northern

climes. Jessie, with Aunt Addie and Uncle Dan, Bolter the wounded deputy, and Penn Baxter and his wife, were seated around the table in Aunt Addie's cheery sitting room, feasting upon the dainties which the latter's delectable cooking had provided for their Christmas fare. The fattest turkey on the farm had been killed for the occasion, and what with vegetables, and jellies, and spiced pickles, and Aunt Addie's prize effort at plum pudding, the feast had been one to tempt the palate of an epicure.

Penn Baxter had just arrived from his trip to Tokerville the night previous, and each was discussing the exciting events of the Christmas eve. Aunt Addie and the deputy had told how Croly's men had stopped at Penn Baxter's house, terrorizing little Mrs. Baxter into hysterics with their threats as they searched the house, and forcing her finally to tell of her husband's whereabouts. Then Bolter, with his wounded arm comparatively safe through Aunt Addie's skillful treatment, had taken the chaise and driven over to the Hosmer ranch, and gathered some of the men there together, getting them started on their way to the store, by the time Croly's gang had reached it. These were the horsemen that had frightened Jessie just before she met the chaise.

Then Uncle Dan told how the gang had attacked them at the store, threatening them with pistols, and finally, finding this fruitless, surrounding them and binding them hand and foot, breaking open the safe, and ransacking every inch of space in the store in their search. Then, at last, with three men left on guard at the store, they had started for the house.

"I thought of Jessie there alone," said Uncle Dan, "and I offered Croly every cent I'd saved up in the bank, and every

dollar's worth of goods in the store, if he'd leave the place. Finally, when we saw there was no stopping 'em, Baxter offered to go with Croly and get the money they wanted, if they'd keep the men clear of the house."

"You could have laid me out with a broom straw," Penn interrupted, "when I found that place behind the flour sack empty, and the little girl clean out o' sight. I guess it took you about all night to straighten up the house. It looked like a Galveston flood had gone over it when they got through hunting for the bag. They tore up everything but the floor and the shingles."

"I can tell you," said Uncle Dan, taking breath between relays of turkey, "that if Hosmer's men hadn't come just when they did, there wouldn't have been a thread of either us or the place left. Croly was ready for anything when he found he'd been fooled out o' the money."

"I guess I'm the hero of this affair after all," laughed Bolter.

"You play second fiddle to this little girl here," said Penn Baxter. "She's stopped one o' the biggest strikes Arizona will ever come next door to having on its hands, to say nothing o' foolin' a gang o' the biggest outlaws in the country. And, by the way—now that you've all had your turn tellin' stories, I've got a little romance to relate myself."

Aunt Addie and Uncle Dan stopped eating.

"I'm not much good at talking," apologized Penn, "and I guess, after all, my story can tell itself. I will just say, by way of an outline, that I told the superintendent over there at Tokerville how they come to have the money on time

for the men's holiday; and it seems he telegraphed to the directors, so that when I started for home he put this envelope into my hand and said to deliver it with 'A merry Christmas' from the company."

Penn took the envelope from his pocket and handed it to Jessie.

"You open it, Aunt Addie," Jessie said, a little tremulously, passing it across the table. Aunt Addie glanced hastily at its contents.

"My dear child," she said, her eyes filling with tears, "when you came down here to bring a little Christmas cheer into a pair of lonely old hearts that were nigh to breaking, I prayed that the fulfillment of your heart's dearest desire might reward your goodness, and I know my prayer has been answered. I guess there's nothing in the way of musical training you could ask that this check won't buy."

"Oh!" said Jessie; and could say no more for the great choking lump that came suddenly into her throat.

"The child deserves it, if anyone does," said Uncle Dan, kissing Jessie's wet cheek. "Her mother says she's been a patient little martyr."

"Uncle Dan!" cried Jessie, with burning face, "if you don't want to spoil my Christmas, don't mention that word in my presence."

"What—martyr?" asked Uncle Dan.

"Yes. It reminds me of a miserable, sentimental, selfish hypocrite!" sobbed Jessie.

"I apologize, and withdraw the word," said Uncle Dan, with a twinkle in his eye. "I would do a good deal to keep from spoiling the Christmas of the girl that's helped to make ours happy."

Josephine Spencer.

SOME OF OUR COMPOSERS.

PROFESSOR GEORGE EDWARD PERCY CARELESS.

MUSIC has been called "the divine art," and this is true probably in a higher and grander sense than ordinary usage of the phrase would imply. Its origin, use, application, surely belong to that pre-existent condition which many admit is part of the routine prescribed of the Infinite for all the sons and daughters of God and man.

There are more perchance who, accepting the dogmas of perverted Christianity, believe in a future, than those who believe in a spirit-past, and they, perceiving the wonderfully soothing and elevating influence of music on ordinary humanity, have thought that the exquisite enjoyment of the present would be the main source of happiness in the life to come; to "sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss," was held to be the very acme of heavenly enjoyment.

That there were gifted singers in our spirit-life seems beyond controversy, and there can be as little doubt that music and words were intimately blended there as here; we may also conclude that the inspirationally endowed musicians and poets of earth but exhibit those talents under adverse conditions here, which were congenial and beloved in a higher or another sphere; it would not be difficult to believe further that many a melody, or song, psalm, hymn, oratorio and other composition of those who were and are now susceptible, might be in some part but the echo or memory of association, organization and practice among the gifted ones and glorious choirs where harmony and "concord of sweet sounds" of musical and rythmical excellence in combination, made the anthems of the blest; and their praise, thanksgiving, adoration and worship were

simply the natural expression and enjoyment of a united family, of a sinless host.

The establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth surely involves the sanctified expression of gratitude and praise, this being the admitted consummation of divine purpose and of human redemption. Such an era demands its musical interpreters and its outbursts of



PROFESSOR GEORGE CARELESS.

poetic eloquence and song in advance probably of every past dispensation. And it is worthy of remark how fully this conception of propriety has been met in the experience of the Latter-day Saints, the divinely appointed leaders in this great program of the latter days.

From the melodies which burst from every Sabbath School, where words and music have been happily married, to the

grand choir of the central city of Utah, there are evidences of special inspiration; and from the beginning there have been those "prepared vessels of honor" who in the economy of God have been gathered from the nations to lead and educate, to write and compose; gifted with those qualifications and that spirit which would direct the congregations of Israel to sing the songs of Zion before the Lord "with the spirit and with the understanding!"

Among a host of others of this class we notice with especial favor Brother George Edward Percy Careless, who was born in London, September, 24, 1839. As a boy he exhibited budding talent, and later studied in the Royal Academy of that great city, afterward taking orchestral positions under the baton of several prominent leaders, such as Costa, Ardilli, Benedict and others, playing in Exeter Hall, Drury Lane and the Crystal Palace, in concert, operas and oratorios when the performers reached into the thousands.

Having received the Gospel, his musical ability was in requisition as a director of the choir and at all the gatherings of the Saints in London, until in 1864 he emigrated to Utah, the same year in which another musical genius, John Tullidge, also came to the gathering place called Zion. Tullidge's "Letter of Consecration," prior to leaving England was a striking document, and the Tabernacle choir is today at its best when it sings some of the compositions of this gifted man. The junior (Careless) was just as devoted if less ostentatious, for soon after his arrival he became the leader of the theatre orchestra and held that position for six years. Musical dramas and operas were successfully produced under his direction, and he was appointed conductor of the Tabernacle Choir, retaining that supreme position for fourteen

years. Devoted men like James Smithies, Robert Sands, C. J. Thomas and others, had done what they could, but as they (except the latter) lacked the training of the later *Maestro*, their success did not probably equal their devotion or their ideal.

In 1875 the Professor made the first grand effort at oratorio with the "Messiah," having a combination of soloists and instrumentalists "partly clay and partly iron" or Mormons and outsiders. Public interest was awakened and critiques essentially favorable; musical organizations began to bring "order out of chaos," and the names of these pioneers and toilers are yet strongly remembered by many, for they are among the historic figures of Utah's prophetic musical days.

In 1879 he organized the Careless Orchestra, and was partner for some years with David O. Calder, also of local or Utah vocal fame. They published the *Musical Times*, the first publication of its kind in the Rocky Mountains. To publish music in proper type was however reserved for a later serial, *The Utah Magazine*. In orchestral and operatic presentation the Professor has had no equal and no successor. His success in the Mikado, Pinafore, etc., and as an organizer was pre-eminent. This was the secret of his phenomenal success in presenting Handel's famous "Messiah." The labor attending this can hardly be computed, for but one of his instrumentalists, soloists or chorus had ever heard that magnificent work; yet patient, willing, and the inspiration begotten of loving confidence cemented the incongruous and untrained elements into one, until all the critics were astonished and both the press and the public vied in appreciated encomium. The fact of seven years' unity and the popular appreciation is shown in the fact that his grand

series of musical renderings began in Independence Hall with a five hundred dollar house and ended in the theatre with consecutive houses reaching to near a thousand dollars.

It is everywhere remembered that Professor Careless soon after his arrival in Utah married Miss Lavinia Triplett, who was an associate with him in the London choir. She was an unusually gifted woman, and an object of special interest as a member of the writer's household, where in all domestic routine her mellow voice was an inspiration and a marvel. This combination seemed to suggest great possibilities; a devoted husband with kindred tastes, the writer and the interpreter, made a wonderful mark in their limited but fruitful field. The death of this gifted daughter of song seemed untimely and unfortunate, particularly as after the lapse of sixteen years (she having died in July, 1885) her father, Elder George Triplett, is still in the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir (its patriarch in fact,) and as he was in London so he is now, an everlasting worker and devotee at the shrine of musical rendition.

As a composer Professor Careless is counted by musicians as among the solid ones of our time, his versatility never degenerates into levity, and his sacred music, from the dirge-like melody of "Rest for the weary soul," to the semi-jubilant "Hark, listen to the trumpeters, they call for volunteers," is certainly of wide range. But in the Psalmody it will be seen that while he ran the whole gamut of expression, he in every instance subordinated his musical fancy to the words. There is a fitness, an appropriateness, which tells how faithfully he entered into the spirit of the writers and interpreted their *motive* with the faculty of the connoisseur and the precision of the master. His supremacy was ac-

knowledgeed by his coadjutors in both editions of the Psalmody, when they made him their leader in that delicate work, where his inspiration and talent had such scope that all Israel now sings and will continue to sing his music long after he has passed from earth.

Professor Careless is a very modest, retiring gentleman; there is no ostentation about him, and since his retirement from an unusually busy life he has remarried and occupies a neat cottage in the First Ward of this city, where he still gives his time to extending the knowledge and love of his fascinating profession, giving lessons in voice training, violin, piano, cabinet organ, harmony and sight-reading, a program which exhibits capacity and ability such as only long experience could venture upon and real worth fully sustain.

To the subject of our sketch, along with other workers in the same attractive field, Utah owes a debt of gratitude not easily forgotten or overlooked. He retains the full confidence of his fraternity and his brethren. They love him for his continuous work, and there is the exercise of supreme faith that the recollection of what he has done (whether he reached his ideal or otherwise) may soothe and glorify his later years; and that his memory, linked with the labors of his gifted wife, may be perpetuated in Israel forever, is the prayer of thousands who have been charmed, uplifted, inspired by his renderings and originals in that divine art, which, while partially an exotic in the chilly clime of our fallen earth, is yet a reminder of both the past and the future, where climate and soil, where conditions and aspirations are equal, and where "The New Song" will be sung with and by the gifted from all nations to the honor and glory of God the Father and of His Son, the Christ, forever and ever.

A.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 1, 1902.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:

Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent,
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

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GEORGE REYNOLDS, -	
J. M. TANNER, -	ASSISTANT EDITORS
GEORGE D. PYPER, -	BUSINESS MANAGER

PAY YOUR DEBTS.



IN view of the prevailing good times and the general tendency among the Saints to speculate on borrowed capital,—capital often secured by mortgages on homes and farms,—and in view of the extravagant ideas which good times produce in the minds of the people, especially after a protracted period of financial depression, the present is a most opportune time to offer a word of counsel to the Saints, and to sound, for their guidance, a note of warning. The history of the United States shows that there has been almost regularly a money stringency, that is a withdrawal of money from circulation, about every ten years, and that frequently along with these monetary depressions great panics have be-

fallen our nation. The panics most noted in the history of the country are those of 1837, '57, '73 and '93; but in addition to these panics there have been times between when the people suffered great loss from a scarcity of money, due perhaps in a large measure to the habit of money lenders of calling in their loans at regular periods. While panics are a source of universal distress, money stringencies are felt very much worse by those who are doing business or engaged in any enterprise on borrowed capital than by the people generally. In these panics and money stringencies a very striking principle of economics always affords an object lesson to those who happen to be in debt: namely, that people will borrow liberally during good times when money is plentiful, and pay their debts in hard times when interest is high and money scarce. The unfortunate results of this practice are seen not only in the payment of high interest for money required to liquidate debts, but also in the low prices that are given for the general products which the people have to sell. It is important then to remember that low prices for products and high interest for money go hand in hand in the one instance, and high prices for products and money plentiful in the other. It would be highly creditable to us if we could reverse this almost universal rule of folly and pay our debts when money is most abundant, and wages and produce consequently high.

As is well known to the Saints, it was the purpose of President Snow to re-

lieve the Church from its financial bondage—the result, directly and indirectly, of the crusade,—and his hope that he might live to witness the great results upon which he had set his heart. He was not permitted to enjoy the realization of his well-directed efforts to meet all the obligations that were weighing so heavily upon the Church, but he had the satisfaction that came from the settlement of a very large amount of its direct and contingent indebtedness. The people feel the blessings and see the wisdom of the course he pursued, and there is no intention to abate in the least our efforts to achieve the results which he had in view. For that reason future expenditures of general Church funds will be confined to the assistance of schools and such other immediate obligations as the Church may have to meet as a part of its regular and necessary expenditures. It is not thought wisdom to undertake at present new enterprises, and it is hoped that the Saints, and especially the presiding authorities throughout the stakes and wards, will not undertake the erection of meeting-houses, school buildings, etc. with the thought that the Church will come to their aid. Such enterprises are always commendable and to be encouraged among those who feel generous enough to build places of worship and temples of learning for the advancement and blessing of the people. However, it is desirable, and earnestly recommended, that the local authorities refrain from new undertakings until the money is within reach, or until there are reasonable expectations that it can be obtained without calling upon the Trustee in Trust.

Those upon whom is placed the great responsibility of directing the affairs of the Church and of giving counsel to the Saints for their spiritual and temporal

welfare always feel keenly any financial distress that may come, either from want of prudence or from unforeseen circumstances, upon the people. We have as a result of our experience and knowledge of our own affairs, and the condition of the country at large, the strongest reasons for admonishing the people to follow in their own individual cases the policy that is being followed by the Church. Let the Saints avail themselves of this very opportune time to pay their debts, just as the Church is striving to meet its obligations. Generally the harvests have been good and the prospects for financial independence were never better; the Saints therefore should prepare themselves to meet possible future contingencies in their business affairs. They owe it to themselves, to their children and to the Church to be as free as possible from financial bondage and to reach a position where they can respond to the daily wants of their families and the requirements of the Priesthood of God. We feel impressed to repeat in the most solemn and earnest manner the admonition which this article is intended to convey: Get out of debt and in good times prepare to meet the emergencies and misfortunes of troublous ones; guard yourselves against extravagant habits which good times encourage, and keep your business affairs in a sound and healthy condition.

Joseph F. Smith.



**PROGRAM OF ANNUAL STAKE SUNDAY
SCHOOL CONFERENCES TO BE HELD
DURING THE YEAR 1902.**

It is suggested that when it can be so arranged that the visitors from the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union hold a meeting with the stake Sunday School officers on the evening preceding the day appointed for

holding the conference. If this be impracticable, then hold it at 9 a.m. of the morning of the conference. The object of the meeting is to ascertain the nature of the preparations for the effectual carrying out of the program, examination of reports, an inquiry into the general condition of the Sunday Schools of the stake, etc.

Ward superintendents should have their answers to the twenty-one questions written out and in the hands of the stake superintendent at least three days before the conference.

The singing of the hymns should be done by the whole congregation.

SUNDAY, 10 A.M.

1. Roll call.
2. Opening hymn, "Welcome, Welcome, Sabbath Morning," Song Book, page 84; Hymn Book, page 86.
3. Prayer.
4. Hymn, "Sweet Sabbath School," Song Book, page 141; Hymn Book, page 144.
5. Opening remarks by stake superintendent.
6. Sunday School class exercise—a review of its past month's lessons.
7. Report by a ward superintendent.
8. Concert recitation, "Word of Wisdom."
9. Singing, "In Our Lovely Deseret," Song Book, page 190; Hymn Book, page 196.
10. A ten minutes' class exercise.
11. Instructions by Deseret Sunday School Union Board visitors.
12. Singing, "Today," Song Book, page 154; Hymn Book, page 157.
13. Benediction.

Immediately after the close of the morning session hold a special officers' and teachers' meeting.

SUNDAY, 2 P.M.

1. Roll call.
2. Hymn, "Now let us Rejoice," Song Book, page 214; Hymn Book, page 221.
3. Prayer.
4. Singing, "Sowing," Song Book, page 68; Hymn Book, page 68.
5. Brief reports by assistant stake superintendents.
6. Concert recitation, "O My Father."

7. Administration of the Sacrament, instructions, and singing of hymn, "The Sabbath Day," Song Book, page 42; Hymn Book, page 41.
8. Remarks by stake president or counselors.
9. Presentation of the following General Authorities: The First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles, the Presiding Patriarch, the First Council of the Seventy, and the Presiding Bishopric; then the General Superintendent and officers, and members of the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union; also of the Presidency of the Stake, and the Stake Sunday School officers and aids.
10. Remarks by Deseret Sunday School Union visitors.
11. Singing, "Our Home in the Mountains," Song Book, page 181; Hymn Book, page 187.
12. Benediction.

SUNDAY EVENING.

1. Singing, "The Lord is my Light," Song Book, page 121; Hymn Book, page 124.
2. Prayer.
3. Singing, Hymn from the Sunday School Song Book, to be selected by the stake chorister.
4. Answering, by visiting members of the Union Board, of some of the questions on Sunday School topics submitted during conference, with remarks by them and others on vital subjects.
5. Select Chorus, "The Cause of Truth," Song Book, page 167; Hymn Book, page 174.
6. Concluding remarks by stake superintendent.
7. Singing, "Thanks for the Sabbath School," Song Book, page 133; Hymn Book, page 135.
8. Benediction.

Where a two days' conference has been decided upon, arrange for roll call, two more class exercises and a concert recitation of the Articles of Faith, and have reports given by two or more ward superintendents. Sing the following selections from the Sunday School Song Book:

"A Thanksgiving Hymn, Song Book, page 101; Hymn Book, page 106. "Let

Love Abound," Song Book, page 117; Hymn Book, page 120. "Who's on the Lord's Side?" Song Book, page 210; Hymn Book, page 224. "Come ye Children of the Lord," Song Book, page 80; Hymn Book, page 81. "The Iron Rod," Song Book, page 170; Hymn Book, page 176. "Let us Treat Each Other Kindly," Song Book, page 73; Hymn Book, page 74.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Note the *date* of your conference.
2. Every school in the stake should be represented by at least one of its superintendency and by as many officers and teachers as can be spared from the conduct of the school, and by the written answers to the twenty-one questions. Arrangements should be made at a specially called teachers' meeting held two weeks before the conference, as to which of the officers and teachers shall attend the conference and who shall remain at home to take charge of the school and the departments.
3. Class exercises should not exceed ten minutes in their presentation.
4. The stake Sunday School secretary should call the rolls, take the minutes, and have the last annual stake report and other papers ready for inspection and use.
5. The suitable decorating of the place of meeting will add interest to the occasion.
6. The time of the commencement of

the Sunday evening's meeting is left to the discretion of the local authorities.

7. "The Word of Wisdom" and "O My Father" are now being published in card form by the Deseret Sunday School Union.



NOTES.

President Joseph F. Smith is the first president of the Church born in the Church; he is the first blood relative of the Prophet Joseph who has succeeded to the Presidency; he is the only counselor in the First Presidency who, as yet in its history, has become President; he is the only President whose parents were of different nationalities, his father being an American, his mother an English woman.



There appears to be a little yet remaining in the hands of the local Sunday School officers of the funds collected for the purchase of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The General Treasurer will be pleased to get these amounts as soon as possible so that the account may be closed.



The Koenigsberg (northeastern Prussia) Sunday School has in five months increased in numbers from 10 to 110.



Superintendent James B. Decker, of the San Juan Stake of Zion, died at his home in Bluff City on December 16th, of diphtheria. Two of his children, one a girl of sixteen, the other a younger son, died of the same disease, within a few hours of their father. Brother Decker was a strong, active man and an earnest worker, and will be greatly missed in that little community. Elder Hansen Bayles, of Bluff City, who has been Brother Decker's First Assistant, will take charge, for the time being, of Sunday School matters in that Stake.



AN INCIDENT OF ZION'S CAMP.

IN the winter of 1890 I was working a month or two for dead relatives, in the Logan Temple, making my home during that time with my sister Zina D. H. Young and her daughter Sister Zina Y. Card.

Before the severe winter weather had commenced there came to the house one evening a very old man whom none of us had ever seen before, who told his troubles.

Someone in Logan had heard the same and directed him to Aunt Zina for consolation and relief, as she was a well-known depository for every body's woes and sorrows that had not been healed elsewhere.

After hearing the tale he told he was very kindly invited to stay all night, and before bed time he had permission to stay there free of charge as long as he remained in Logan working for the dead of his father's family.

He said his name was Cole, which elicited no particular inquiry until he related some events that had occurred between him and "Brother Joseph."

As we had known several Coles in our experiences in the Church of Christ, we naturally enquired, "What Cole?" and were told "Zera Cole," the one spoken of in a revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants.

That information made the visitor thrice welcome—more welcome than if he had been Jay Gould.

While he stayed there the long evenings were drawn out to an unusual length, and while my sister Zina inquired of him for everything he ever saw of "Brother Joseph" as the old gentleman delighted to call him, and everything he ever heard the Prophet say, I sat with paper and pencil adding interesting items to my journal, and among the many upon

which I shall never need my journal to refresh my memory is this one.

Brother Cole was in "Zion's Camp" that traveled from Kirtland to Jackson County, Missouri, in 1834.

The company had traveled in wagons upon the bleak prairies many days, where seldom a house was seen, and they knew very little or nothing of the road; and but occasionally a person was seen who could give correct information of the roads and "by roads." They sometimes camped for a night in a place where comforts were few—such as wood, water and provisions for men; as for feed for their teams, there was plenty every where.

One hot day in June, after an unusually long, hard day's travel, over a rolling prairie, without sufficient water laid in for the men and no water encountered for the teams, they made camp on a prairie, the end of which it was impossible to reach or even see.

After tents were pitched and the teams turned out a strong guard had to be placed to keep the animals.

Men were very quietly complaining of the location, the lack of wood, and no water to cook with, even if they had plenty of wood. Some teams were about "give-out" and a thousand other little troubles acted out if not spoken of.

The Prophet sat in his tent door watching and listening to all that could be seen or heard. At last he quietly asked for a spade.

There was no noise, no bustle, no show of greatness or power about this man who had seen the Creator of heaven and earth and had received from Him at different times unmeasured power only in keeping with circumstances, and as the spade was handed him he

measured the extent of the camp with his eye and in the most convenient place for all he commenced to dig in the earth. There was no rock to split open, as with Moses of old, or he could have done that more easily and quickly. But he quietly dug a well only a few feet deep and then left it.

Presently the water began to come in, and it kept rising in the well until the mules and horses came and drank therefrom, as the water was so near the surface.

The Prophet went and sat in the door of his tent and witnessed the joy of all, even of the animals, as they quenched their thirst in this God-given supply. There was no wonder or proclamation

over the matter, as Brother Cole stated it, and perhaps not a dozen in the camp witnessed it as he, Brother Cole, witnessed it, and he looked upon it as one of the greatest miracles ever performed by man as an instrument in the hands of the Great Creator.

I think that Brother Cole was an attaché at the tent, and, probably, brought the spade, for he seemed to have as fresh a recollection of so many little incidents in detail that took place upon that memorable journey that I have no more doubt of his truthfulness in this matter than I have that his name was "Zera Cole."

Oliver B. Huntington, Sen.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH'S BIRTHDAY.

JOSEPH SMITH was born December 23, 1805, but as the anniversary this year came on a Monday, the observance of his birth by appropriate services in the meetings of the Saints was had on the Sunday preceding. There are particular reasons why it is desirable to commemorate his birth and thereby bring prominently before the people, and especially the youth of Zion, the importance of the Prophet's great mission.

The Latter-day Saints quite universally accept the statement that his mission ranks in importance second only to that of our Lord and Master. Then again, when we note the fact that Joseph, like Moses of old, was a law-giver,

through the favor of God, to the people, his position becomes more conspicuous than that of any other prophet of this last dispensation.

It may be said that a testimony of his mission is peculiarly necessary to every man and woman who accepts the faith of the Saints, as also to every one who abides in the Church. True as we feel this latter statement to be, it must not be understood that it is not likewise necessary that men should know that all the prophets and leaders of this dispensation have been called and inspired of God. Nevertheless no one of them has occupied the peculiar position of law-giver which was held by the prophet Joseph. A testimony therefore of the truthfulness of his mission touches not only the divinity of his calling and

mission, but also the code of laws, ordinances and principles which he was instrumental in giving to the Church. And so thoroughly interwoven, in all the course of his life, did these same laws and ordinances which were promulgated by him and contained in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, become, that testimony of one is inseparable from that of the other.

This is the reason why Elders preaching the Gospel are so strong and so pronounced in their testimony of the mission of the Prophet Joseph. It is necessary for the world to accept the laws and ordinances which he promulgated before they can become members of the Church, and they must therefore receive a testimony not only of their truthfulness, but of the authority which God gave the prophet to promulgate them.

When Elders in the world are teaching the belief of the Saints, the advent of a new dispensation, and the second coming of the Savior, the testimony which they bear of Christ is always associated with the testimony which they bear of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph. If no other evidences were had of the fruits of the prophet's mission, the effect that the testimony of his life has upon the Elders who bear that testimony would be a striking proof of its divine character. The testimony of Jesus and that of the Prophet are in perfect harmony. Then it will be observed that the practice of testifying of the prophet's mission has a wonderful effect upon an Elder's own life. It works in him a marvelous transformation, and the effect of a mission upon a young Elder has become so noticeable that the Saints fully understand that a marvelous change has been wrought in the man that has been engaged in bearing his testimony of the mission of the prophet. How absurd it would be to

think that a testimony such as the Elders bear of Joseph Smith could have the effect that it does upon their lives if he were the imposter the world would make itself believe him to be! The old test responds perfectly: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The case of the Prophet Joseph is not one of a passing religious emotion, or merely an enthusiastic outburst, but it is an instance, covering more than three quarters of a century, of the abiding and fervent inspiration which his life and character have for all those who believe in his mission. It is owing largely to the fact that the Elders bear testimony of the mission of the Prophet Joseph so extensively that many people have come to remark that the Saints hold him equal, if not superior, to Christ Himself. Of course such statements are untrue, but the fact nevertheless remains that when the law which he promulgated is either taught or observed, and taught and observed in the spirit in which it was given, the observance of the law and its teaching become peculiarly a testimony of the divinity of the mission of the prophet. A testimony therefore of his mission is very desirable, especially among the youth of Zion. His calling, as a prophet, then, cannot be held in too great reverence, and testimonies of his mission may with advantage be frequently borne. For that reason, it is highly satisfactory to note the general pleasure with which the Saints commemorate his birth. It brings directly before them not alone his inspired life, but also his divine calling as a law-giver to modern Israel. His position is so peculiar and so pronounced by reason of the fact that he stands at the head of this last dispensation, that special importance should be attached to the celebration of the day on which he came to bless mankind and usher in the full-

ness of times. It should not, however, be thought sufficient to commemorate this event simply by an annual service. His life and calling should be frequently dwelt upon before all the congregations of Israel. With a testimony of his mission and authority, all will have much less difficulty in recognizing and respecting the living oracles of God as they stand in the flesh among men today. As time goes on the position which the prophet occupied will become more prominent and more pronounced in the thoughts and feelings of the people. Let the Saints then cultivate in their own hearts and in the hearts of the children, along with a testimony of Christ the Savior, a testimony of Joseph Smith's mission. The two are in perfect harmony, and uttering these testimonies in heartfelt sincerity will have the same influence upon our lives at home as upon the lives of the Elders abroad. Such testimony is purifying, uplifting, and in time, if conscientiously observed, will exalt men into the presence of the Father and the Son, where they may associate throughout eternity with the great forerunner of Christ in this last and greatest of all God's dispensations.



THE SILENT DRILL.

ONE of the most pleasing as well as the most satisfactory improvements that has been made of late in the general discipline of the Sunday School is the practice of the Silent Drill. As is already known to those who have adopted this effectual means of securing silence, and consequent attention at the time the Sacrament is blessed, the Silent Drill has become a means of inculcating feelings of thoughtfulness and devotion in the partaking of the emblems of the body and blood of our Lord. Although the adoption of

the Silent Drill is generally satisfactory, reports from members of the Board, who visit various conferences, indicate that there is some lack of a uniform system in the drill. That there may be harmony and improvement where necessary in conducting it, it is thought advisable to offer the following suggestions as to the order of procedure:

When all is in readiness, a simple movement of the superintendent's head or a gentle tap of the bell, and where necessary the announcement that the Sacrament is about to be blessed, should be made. After one-half minute of perfect silence, and an indication from the superintendent, by a nod or a look, the one whose duty it is to bless the bread should proceed quietly, without making any announcement whatever. The principal reason for making announcements when the Sacrament is blessed is to secure order and attention, but when the Silent Drill secures these preliminary requirements, the announcements become unnecessary, and should not be made, as it would then only result in that much unnecessary confusion. The students of the school should be impressed with the idea that they are not to begin a buzz as soon as the blessing is over, but that they are to refrain from all conversation while the Sacrament is being administered. When the time has arrived for blessing the water, let the superintendent step to the front of the stand and, if necessary, gently tap the bell again. It should be that he has his school so well under control that when he arises, silence will immediately follow, and there will be no necessity for the use of the bell. Then during the time in which the water is administered there should be the same absence of all conversation. Impress upon the minds of the students and teachers the necessity of observing quietude, even

though there be during the administration of the bread and water music from the organ or choir.

The practice of asking the children a question or two pertinent to the subject of the Sacrament and associated with the life of our Lord, on whom their thoughts and feelings should be centered while the bread and water are blessed and administered, will tend to create in their minds and hearts thoughts and feelings of devotion, and the practice is to be recommended.

One of the most desirable objects to be attained in our Sunday Schools is to create a spirit of reverence, and we

discover that the practice of the Silent Drill is becoming a great aid to this desirable end. The officers and teachers of the Sunday School should always set the example to the students by a proper observance of these requirements, not only during the administration of the sacrament, but during the entire session of the school; and this example should be in spirit as well as in form. Superintendents and teachers who take liberties in disregard of these requirements not only set a bad example, but add very greatly to the disorder and lack of reverence among the pupils.



THE WRITTEN WORD.

THE girl had written to a piano manufacturer to suggest a change in the terms of the lease, so that she might save interest by paying for her piano more quickly. She was rather proud of the letter. Probably she expected to win a compliment upon it when she showed it to her father and asked if it was "all right." But he, after first smiling at it, shook his head.

"No, dear," he said. "It's all wrong. There's too much of it. Besides, it's too frivolous in tone. This allusion to the company's cashier, for instance, would be perfectly harmless if you spoke it, because your eyes and voice would show that you were good-natured and friendly; but the man who reads it hurriedly might easily take it as a complaint or a slur. If he chanced to be an enemy of the cashier, he might even use it to make trouble for an employee who has always

treated you very kindly. Never joke in a business letter, or in any letter to a stranger.

"Another rule: Even when you write to persons you know quite intimately, it is best to avoid allusions that may touch your friend or his friends. Your Uncle John is wondering why Mr. Burnside is so cold to him of late. The reason is a postscript John added to a business letter. 'Fine house you've bought,' he wrote. 'Wish I could be elected to the legislature!'

"Of course John chuckled as he wrote it. It seemed so out-of-the-question to think of Burnside getting any dishonest advantage from his office that John thought the allusion was a rare stroke of humor. But it hurt Burnside to think that the mean and silly old gibe about the corruption of legislatures could be applied to him, even in fun, and he has never got over it.

"When you speak a light word, your eyes and your voice interpret it, and if you see that it is misunderstood you can extract the sting then and there. But written words are final. The reader has to take them as they stand, unqualified by your laugh or your smile. If your frivolities reach him when he is in a despondent mood, unable to 'see the

joke' in anything, they are almost certain to grieve or offend him.

"The safest way is to keep your jests for your family and the very few friends who love you so well that they will be sure to give you the benefit of any doubt. Never mind if your letters to others do 'sound stiff.' That is better than that they should seem rude or unkind."

Selected.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

QUESTION: What are the ten kingdoms or peoples representing the ten toes of the great image seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his dream and interpreted by the prophet Daniel? Please give names.

Answer: The ten toes, or the ten horns, seem to predict the ten kingdoms that succeeded the Roman empire in western Europe. Machiavel, the eastern philosopher and historian (without the slightest reference to the prophecy) gives the names of these kingdoms, as the successors of the Roman empire, as follows: "The Franks, Lombards, Burgundians, Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Vandals, Herulii, Sueves, Huns and Saxons." Gibbon, the historian, also refers to "the ten" quite frequently, and, being a skeptic, would not do so in the interest of prophecy. Those powers occupied *the same territory* as the Roman empire. It will be remembered that the image stood intact when the stone fell upon the toes. The "head" was there; the breast and arms, the belly and thighs, the legs and toes all were intact. No one territory supplanting another. It was the dominion only that was super-

ceded. Sir Isaac Newton maintains this point most admirably.

Now those ten kingdoms, although they had not maintained the exact number during the past centuries, have never lost much of their original character. No great conqueror has ever reunited them, although the attempt has been frequently made. Even today the original number exists, restored by the Franco-Prussian war, viz: Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, Germany, England, Holland, Belgium, Spain and Portugal.

As to their universality (although such is not claimed for "the ten,") yet the pope of Rome some 400 years ago, divided the dominion of the earth, not already possessed by a Christian power, between Spain and Portugal. And as to their duration; 1,260 years, or "a time, times and a half a time—three and a half times," it is quite generally conceded that the circle of 360 degrees is the unit or "time;" and that "a day" represents a year, or a degree represents a year, hence seven times is 2,520 years. Now the Babylonian empire (the later empire) was founded February 26, 747 B. C. (No historical date is better es-

tablished than this). The Persian B. C. 538, the Grecian 334, the Roman B. C. 30. The latter was overthrown under Romulus Augustulus, by the Herulii August 22, A. D. 476, a duration of 1,223 solar years, which is the same as 1,260 lunar years, or Chaldean reckoning, a lunar year being 354 days, 8 hours and 48 minutes. These interesting facts and figures are all supplied by secular historians.

Question: Has a person who has not taken the kindergarten course the right to teach a Sunday School kindergarten class?

Answer: Yes, if she is competent and is duly appointed. It is however desirable whenever such persons can be

obtained, that those acquainted with kindergarten methods be chosen.

Question: When a Sunday School officers' and teachers' prayer meeting is held prior to the commencement of the regular school exercises, what is the proper mode of procedure?

Answer: The Sunday School Union Board believes that the superintendent or officer in immediate charge of the meeting is the proper person to direct in all matters of detail connected therewith. The evident intent and purpose of the meeting is to prepare the hearts of the workers for the immediate duties before them, and to ask the blessing of the Lord thereon.



A PIONEER SUNDAY SCHOOL TRIP.

ON the afternoon of November 21, 1901, Brother Loren I. Taylor and myself left Loa enroute to Boulder, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School at that place. We went on horseback, as the country was strange to us, and we were informed, was very rough and rugged. Boulder is situated in the central part of Garfield County, and nearly due south from Loa, Wayne County, but on account of its location it was included in the Wayne Stake at the time of its organization.

The people of Boulder are in a very scattered condition, and have no ward or branch organization. It therefore became our duty to visit them, and learn their feelings with regard to a Sunday School.

The first afternoon we traveled twenty-five miles to the home of Brother Moroni Lazenby, with whom we spent the

night, and he accompanied us on the following day.

Having been informed that the distance from Grover to Boulder was twenty-two miles, we started out expecting to reach our destination early in the afternoon. Following a wagon road for a few miles we reached a sawmill, where we took a trail or short cut, as it is called. This trail led through the timber,—long leaf pine, pinion pine, and cedar. Had we been in search of horses or cattle, this would not seem strange, but in looking for an opportunity to organize a Sunday School it was a little odd. The trail was up and down, and at times so narrow that we were obliged to ride single file. About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached Oak Creek, where we were very pleased to find a wagon road, which we had been informed, would take us to Boulder. The ascent

from here is very rapid; up, up, up, for miles, but all at once we commence to go down, and we descend hundreds of feet in a few miles.

From the summit of the mountain, we had a splendid view of the surrounding country, which was very broken. It consisted of red and white sandstone ledges, with dark patches of scrub cedar and pine timber, with here and there a glimpse of a ranch among the trees.

Between sundown and dark we arrived at the home of Brother Christian Moseman, who kindly entertained us for the night. The next morning we took up a house to house canvass. This necessitated more traveling than talking, as the houses are from one-half to four miles apart. We visited the people on Deer Creek and Boulder River, and sent an invitation to those at Salt Gulch, to attend our meeting which was to convene on Sunday, 24th at 10:30 a. m. at the schoolhouse. On Saturday night we found a welcome with the family of Brother Henry Baker.

Sunday morning we met at the little log schoolhouse, which stands on a small clearing, on a sand ridge, surrounded by pinion pines and cedars.

The trees were so thick in places that one could hardly ride through them on horseback. We held two meetings, at 10:30 and 2 o'clock respectively. The attendance was very good, considering the scattered condition of the people, and the many disadvantages under which they labor. We effected an organization with Brother Joseph M. Robison as superintendent and Brother James C. Peters as first assistant. After meeting we rode about four miles so as to have that much advantage on the following day. Brothers Lazenby and Taylor spent the night with Brother Amasa Lyman, brother to Apostle Francis M. Lyman, and I staid with Brother Robison.

On Monday morning we commenced our homeward journey with many invitations to come again, we arrived at Loa, November 26th, after an absence of nearly six days.

Our trip was a most interesting and satisfactory one, and we hope will be productive of much good to the people who received us so readily, and whose kindness and consideration will not soon be forgotten.

Walter H. Jeffery.

Superintendent, Wayne Stake of Zion.



CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER.

How sad the story of the Christ forsaken,
And His true friends, as holy men record!
Our keenest sympathies for her awaken,
The dear, sweet mother of our Savior Lord.

How terrible the grief that filled her being,
Standing all powerless to aid or bless
Her own, first-born; yet sensing, hearing, seeing
His groans, His wounds, and all His great distress.

Yet, for redemption's sake, the world's salvation,

By her, and others, 'twas all meekly borne;
No thought of vengeance or retaliation
Came then—or cometh now—to those who
mourn.

But, oh! the resurrection's light and glory,
Christ's triumph over pain and death and gloom,—
Teach, teach, till all shall know the beautiful
story

Which banishes the shades of cross and tomb.
L. L. G. R.



LUCY'S "BROWN STUDY" ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

GRANDMA sat by her little table in her own quiet room. She had laid down the book which she had been reading, was leaning her elbow on the table and her

head on her hand, and looking very thoughtful.

Papa had not come home from his work yet, and mama was busy, and talking with a neighbor lady who had called in. It was growing dusk out of doors, and seemed rather dull inside;



IN A BROWN STUDY.

that was why Lucy crept noiselessly into grandma's room and stood for a moment silently watching her.

Then she asked, "Grandma, what makes you look sorry like that?"

Grandma was too much engaged with her thoughts to notice her little Lucy at first, or answer her question. But when the child repeated it, grandma put her arm around the little girl, and drawing her to her side, said:

"I am not sorry, Lucy. Grandma was only in a 'brown study.'"

"What is a brown study, grandma? and what are you in it for?" asked the child.

Grandma laughed a low, loving little laugh, and kissing Lucy, answered pleasantly,

"By being in a brown study, I mean that I was thinking real hard. And I was thinking that way to see if I could find a good plan by which I might get a little more money next year than I have had this year, that I might help your dear father and mother more, and do some other things I should like to."

"Oh!" said Lucy, "that is what a brown study is for, is it? And this is New Year's eve."

But grandma did not answer her. She was in the brown study again.

Lucy heard her mother telling the neighbor "good night" at the front door. So she went into the parlor alone and seated herself where the lady had been sitting.

After awhile her papa came in, and found Lucy sitting just as you see her in the picture.

"Well, my little daughter," he said; "you are looking very serious. Has anything troubled you?"

"Oh, no! papa," replied Lucy; "I am not in trouble; I am only in a brown study. I am thinking how I can get more money next year than

I have had this year, so I can help you more, or do other good things; and I think I have brown-studied it out, papa!"

"Do you, my dear" asked the father in a very pleasant voice. "Tell papa quickly, do! Maybe we shall get rich very soon."

Lucy's face brightened now, as she said joyfully, "I think we will, papa, and I'll tell you how I am going to do it. I mean to hang up my stockings tonight again, like I did Christmas eve. And if I get a lot of nice things as I did then, I'll give you half of the money, mama and grandma shall have half of the nuts and raisins and candy, and we will sell most of the other things—the dolls and handkerchiefs and that—for I won't need them. And if I find Santa Claus don't know any better than to come any time—you see he's so very old, he may have forgotten, and is so very rich it can make no difference to him—why I shall just keep on hanging up my stockings every little while. I am so glad grandma told me about brown-studying. I think it's lovely!"

L. L. G. R.



THE BABY.

The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But mother's love,
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's, full of grace;
And yet the heavenly kingdom is
Of such as this.

John B. Tabb.



Willie's Wish.

I wish I were a star, mama,
I wish I were a star;
Then you would always look for me
Up in the heavens so far.

And when the dark night came, mama,
You'd never need a light;
For I would shine for you alone,
And shine so very bright.

I know you love me well, mama,
So kind and good you are;
And you would know who Willie loves,
If he could be a star.

Sarah E. Carmichael.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Study and Work.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

This is my first letter to the Letter-box. I go to Sunday School and I am in the second intermediate class. Our Sunday School teacher, Brother Joseph Hansen, is teaching us the Ten Commandments from the Leaflets. Father took a farm on shares last spring and my brother and I have been helping on it all summer. We have finished working in our beets. I go to Mutual and am in the lower class, we are taught the life of Christ from the Manual.

Your friend,

THOMAS H. WHITWOOD.

Father Works a Long Way from Home.

RICHMOND, CACHE CO., UTAH.

We take the JUVENILE and I like to read the little letters very much. I also like to go to Sunday School. I am eleven years old. My papa is a railroad contractor, and is at work away down in Old Mexico, near Santiago City. He was at home last winter. He is about two thousand miles away from us. I have two sisters and two brothers. We were all happy on Thanksgiving day.

Your little friend,

FELIX HENDRICKS.

Her Father Dead.

PARAGOONAH, UTAH.

I thought I would write for the first

time, as our Sunday School teachers ask us to. Our teachers' names are Lula J. Robinson, Sarah A. Owens and Lotty Barson. I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. I am nine years old. My papa died five years ago. I like to go to Primary and also Sunday School. I am in the third grade. I like to go to day school also.

From your little friend,

CATHRINA JONES.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser's Instructions Referred to.

Four other little writers from the same class to which Cathrina Jones belongs send almost the same letter as hers. Each gives the same names of teachers, and says she was asked to write. Similar cases occur not unfrequently, and all should know that space can not be given in the Letter-box to more than one such letter.

Something over two years ago, Brother Karl G. Maeser, with some other members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, held a Sunday School conference with the people in Rexburg, Idaho. He there spoke to the teachers on "how to make use of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in the different departments of the Sabbath School." For the primary grade and some of the children of the intermediate grades, he pointed out the Little Folks' department, and showed how the Letter-box should be treated as a means of real interest and instruction to the younger classes. All the children, he said, should be encouraged to write little letters and hand them in to the teachers, who, for their portion in the matter, should read them all carefully and select only the best as being worthy to be sent to the Letter-box. And sometimes they would have to say, "Well class, not one of the letters is good enough this time. Here is one that

merely mentions a very interesting matter. I would like you to tell more about that. Each of you find an interesting subject, and let us see who of all the class can do the best in writing what is to be told, and whether among us we can get a letter good enough to send to the Letter-box."

If the teachers will kindly take to heart these instructions of the grandest educator we have ever known, a great good may be accomplished thereby for our little ones.

L. L. G. R.



Pussy Jumbo.

LOGAN, UTAH.

My papa takes the JUVENILE, and I like to read it very much. I have a kitten we call Jumbo. It likes to climb up on my shoulder and sit there and purr.

Your little friend,

EDWARD L. BARRETT. Aged 8.



Earthquake Mentioned.

BEAVER CITY, UTAH.

I like to read the little letters. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to Sunday School. We haven't lived here very long. I am going to join the Primary soon. We had a very heavy earthquake, but the Lord blest us all and we were not hurt.

MAY B. GOODWIN. Aged 9.



About Short Hand.

PROVO, UTAH.

Our folks take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and think lots of it. I like to read the stories in it. My brother takes stenography work and I like to dictate to him the letters from our friends of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Our folks are all Mormons. I go to Sunday and day school also. My Sunday School teacher is Brother Albert Jones. I will be thirteen years old the 21st of December, 1901.

From your friend,

CALVIN BEEBE.



A Party for the Teacher.

MONROE, UTAH.

I go to Sunday School, Primary and day school, and my teachers are good to me. We had a party for our teacher Friday night, and all had a good time. I go to meeting, too, and have paid my tithing. I think the children ought all to pay their tithing. This is the first time I have written to the Letter-box.

MYRTLE WINGET.



The Hot Pots are Curious Natural Warm Springs, and Make a Fine Bathing Resort.

CHARLESTON, UTAH.

I shall be eight years old on the 21st of December. I was born on mama's birthday. When I am eight years old I shall get baptized. We go to the Hot Pots in winter to be baptized. I have four brothers and two sisters. One sister is in heaven. Mama says "Still we are seven." Papa has been in Canada for seven months. He will be home soon, and we shall all be so happy.

Your little friend,

LUELLA PURVIS MURDOCK.



Loves To Sing.

MAPLETON, UTAH.

I wonder if you will let me in. I am not very large, only eight years old. I am a little Mormon boy and I love to sing the pretty Sunday School songs. I always go to Sunday School when I am

well. My brother has some pretty white rabbits, and I love to see them play.

FREEMAN BIRD.



Fasting and Prayer.

BEAVER CITY, UTAH.

I take the JUVENILE and read many of the little letters. My mama is the president of the Young Ladies' Association here. The Lord has blest me when I have been sick. Five years ago when mama was sick, my sister fasted and prayed for her and she got better.

From your friend,

ELFRIDA TANNER. Aged 9.



A Young "News Girl."

SODA SPRINGS, IDAHO.

I will write to the Letter-box for the first time. I am a little over eight. My papa baptized me on my last birthday, the first of May. I have been selling the *Deseret News*. I have a sister seven and a brother two years old. We go to Sunday School and Primary. We have two brothers dead.

RACHEL M. SUHRKE.



Their Mother Dead.

IRWIN, IDAHO.

We see sweet little pieces printed for children that are living in different parts of our country, as we take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. And in reading it we find lots of good instruction both for young and old. We are fond of attending Sunday School, which we do when circum-

stances will permit. But our ward is very much scattered. It reaches about eight miles, so that it is almost impossible to get to Sunday School in stormy weather. But we try to do the best we can. Our mother died three years ago the 5th of last October. She left six small children, but we all try and make it as pleasant as possible for papa. Our mother was a granddaughter of Uncle Sydney Tanner of Beaver, Utah. We still miss our dear mother very much.

MELINDIA M. OAKELEN. Aged 14.

ELIZABETH J. OAKELEN. Aged 11.



ALWAYS READY.

They might not need me—
Yet they might—
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.

A smile so small
As mine might be—
Precisely their
Necessity.

Emily Dickenson.



MOTTO.

If I can't do all the good
I want to,
I want to do all the good
I can.

L. L. G. R.



FREE GIFTS.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts
To fill them every one.

For we must share if we would keep
The blessings from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love.

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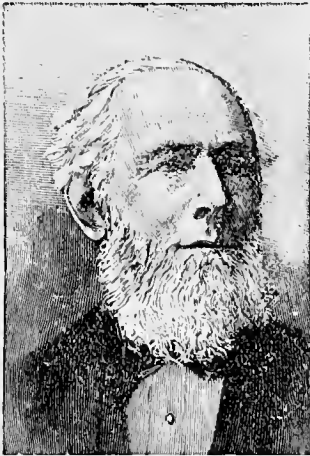
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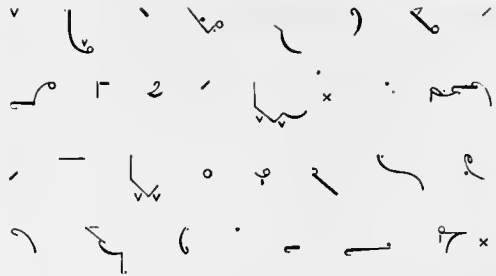
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Albie Beecher, Elba, Idaho
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